

Points of Colonial Interest Around Summerville.

" . . . There is a power
And magic in the ruined battlement,
For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp

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A Souvenir of Summerville.



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Points of Colonial Interest Around Summerville.

Dorchester,

Newington,

Jungleside,

St. James, Goose Creek.

" . . . There is a power
And magic in the ruined battlement,
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Must yield its pomp . . . "



This little book has been written to meet the demand for information regarding the various points of Colonial interest in the neighborhood of Summerville. The facts it contains are drawn from historical sources, and are supplemented by well-known local traditions. Printed in Summerville, and Illustrated from views taken by a resident photographer, it may truly be called a "SOUVENIR OF SUMMERVILLE."

ANNE S. DEAS.

Summerville, S. C., February, 1905.

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❖ ❖ "The Crumbling Church Tower." ❖ ❖

THE STORY OF DORCHESTER.

Perhaps the most interesting Colonial relics in the neighborhood of Summerville are the picturesque ruins on the banks of the Ashley—all that now remains of the once flourishing town of Dorchester.

Two of these ruins stand on a steep bluff above the river, and are reached from Summerville by a pleasant drive of four or five miles over a typical road of the Carolina coast. Though always picturesque in a desolation which the pitying hand of Nature is forever seeking to hide, yet probably the most attractive season at which to visit them is when the early Southern Spring has touched the vines that clamber over them, and the tender green softens the outlines of their broken and ragged edges.

It is impossible at this day to define the exact limits of the town. We know that there were two principal streets, one running north and south and terminating at the Fort, the other running east and west, and having St. George's Church at its eastern extremity. The site of the town is now an open field. Some years ago the streets could be traced by the little mounds of broken brick which marked where the chimneys had been, but even these have disappeared, and looking around upon the ploughed field encircled by the silent forest, it is hard to realize that a hundred and fifty years ago a thriving town of eighteen hundred inhabitants occupied this spot. Absolutely no trace is left of the busy population but the crumbling church-tower and a few tombstones. For the old Fort, mysterious as the Sphinx, keeps its own counsel.

The town of Dorchester owed its existence to a small colony from Dorchester, Massachusetts, who came

to Carolina in 1695, about twenty-five years after the first English settlement under Gov. Sayle. At that time there was no church building in the Province outside of Charlestown, though settlers were rapidly spreading themselves along the banks of the Cooper and the Ashley—at the confluence of which the city is situated. Some of the members of the Independent Church in Charlestown, prominent among whom was Mr. William Norman, having represented this state of affairs to their brethren in New England, a colony came from Dorchester, under the leadership of Rev. Joseph Lord, to establish themselves in the wilderness, and bring the Gospel to that churchless region.

The colony set sail from Boston about the middle of December, 1695, in two vessels, and arrived in Charlestown about the end of the month. Early in 1696 they selected this spot on the upper waters of the Ashley, and began their settlement. It is not known what special inducement inclined them to this location. They were probably influenced by the fact of its being situated on one of the water-ways from Charlestown—an important matter when there were few roads, and the forests swarmed with hostile Indians. If the Fort were already there—as seems probable—it doubtless also influenced their choice, as it afforded protection against the Indian tribes of the neighborhood. Here, then, they located, giving their town the name of their former home. One of their first cares was to build a place of worship; but their first Communion Service was held under the boughs of a spreading oak.

The little town grew and flourished. In less than twenty years it boasted 1800 inhabitants, 500 of whom were whites. Shops and taverns were there of course, and—to counteract the influence of the latter—a Free School and a Circulating Library. Semi-annual Fairs

of four days' duration, established by Act of Assembly, were held in April and October; and Markets on Tuesdays and Saturdays. By 1717 there were so many Episcopalians that an Episcopal Church was needed, and the Parish of St. George's Dorchester was laid off by Act of Assembly from the adjoining Parish of St. Andrew's.

In course of time, the colonists found that the available quantity of land around Dorchester was insufficient for their growing needs, while the town itself had proved to be very unhealthy. They therefore determined to move away, and in 1752 or 1753 about half of them, with their pastor, the Rev. John Osgood, a native of Dorchester, migrated to Liberty County, Georgia. It is said that their descendants may still be found there. Those that remained are represented by several families in Summerville and the vicinity. The town struggled on for forty or fifty years longer, and then flickered out of existence.

As the Fort is the oldest, so the mystery of its origin makes it the most interesting, of the relics of Dorchester. Grim and gray as a war-scarred veteran, it stands at its post on the bluff, with sally-port, wall, and bastion intact, save for one breach on the eastern side. How long it has stood there, no man knows. Some say that it was built by the Spaniards before the English occupied the country; but it is far more likely that it was constructed by the early English settlers as an outpost against the Indians.

The Fort is built of "tabby," a mixture of oyster shells and lime, which is stronger than brick, and at a little distance resembles stone. It occupies a commanding position on the edge of a steep bluff, below which the narrow river curves like a horse-shoe. To the south, the river stretches away in a long, almost

straight, reach, and the view from the walls at this point is lovely. The centre of the fort is occupied by a mass of broken bricks, once the magazine; and a number of tiles are in the south-east corner. On the side next the river, the walls appear to be of their original height—from twelve to fifteen feet; but on the land side they are much lower, owing probably to the accumulation of earth washed down by the rains of two hundred years.

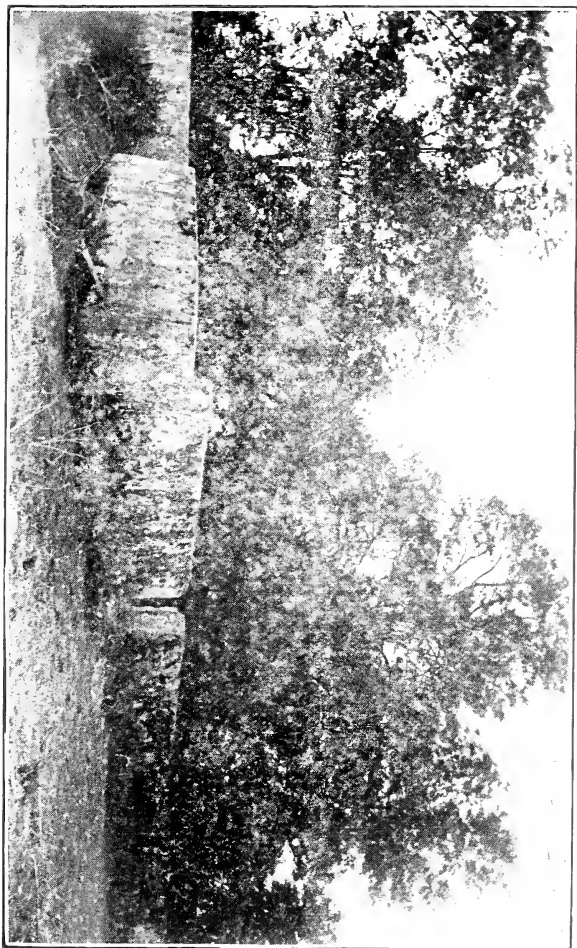
During the Revolution, the Fort was held sometimes by the Americans and sometimes by the British. Gen. Marion was ordered to reinforce it in 1775; and history tells how, during the British occupation, the Wade Hampton of that day—grandfather of the late Gen. Wade Hampton—pursued a party of British troopers up to the very gates of the Fort. It is also related that once when the Americans had possession of it, and the gallant and impetuous Col. John Laurens was stationed there, a red coat was observed moving slightly among the bushes just across the river. The alarm was immediately given, and a troop of dragoons and a party of infantry were ordered to cross the river and reconnoitre. The stream though narrow here, is deep, and the current strong, on which account Major O'Neal, who was aware of the fact, sent for a boat to assist in the crossing. Just then, Col. Laurens rode up.

“What is the cause of this delay?” he demanded.

Major O'Neal explained.

“This is no time for delays!” cried Laurens. “All you who are brave men, follow me!” And putting spurs to his horse, he plunged into the river.

“You shall see that there are others as brave as you!” exclaimed O'Neal, and with all his troopers, dashed in after him. The result justified his hesitation; for many—even Col. Laurens himself—were swept from



THE OLD FORT AT DORCHESTER.

their horses, and some were nearly drowned. All reached the opposite shore with difficulty, and in great disorder. The infantry crossed with the aid of the boat and of some great doors torn from a neighboring warehouse. When at last the party scrambled up the hill, it was to find that the only red coat there was one left hanging on the bushes by a British soldier who had been drummed out of his regiment.

The Fort was garrisoned for about two weeks during the war of 1812. It has not been used since.

The tower of St. George's Church next claims our attention, but rather on account of proximity than of age, as the ruins of the old Meeting House in the woods are of earlier date.

The church was built of brick, and was begun in 1719; but the building progressed with rather moderate rapidity. The Rector, however, was duly provided for by the purchase of 145 acres of land "for a Glebe," and a five-acre lot with a brick dwelling-house, "for a Parsonage." The Rectors were generally sent over from England by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and were very worthy men; but notwithstanding their labors, the life of the Parish seems to have been of a somewhat spasmodic kind—intervals of zeal alternating with longer intervals of carelessness and neglect. By 1734 it was found necessary to repair the church; and the Assembly of the Province passed an Act authorizing the "Repairing, Enlarging and Pewing" of the same. A "Handsome Steeple" was added in 1750; and soon after a "Ring of Bells" was purchased by subscription, and was placed in it.

The Rector's salary declined with the decline of the town; and on the death of the Rev. Mr. Pearce in 1782, the parish was left without a Rector, and the

was still eighty-one feet high. The belfry was shaken down by the earthquake of 1886. The tower is crumbling away, brick by brick, and its once beautiful arched door and windows are little more than ragged holes in the dilapidated walls. Little bushes and bunches of grass wave from the top, and a riotous mass of vines hides the fallen fragments at its foot. It is the embodiment of loneliness and desolation.

Though there must have been many persons buried around St. George's Church, there are but few tombstones visible, search as we may through the dense tangle of vines and bushes. None are of very early date; but as some of the oldest are partially sunk in the ground, the same fate, only in a greater degree, church was practically abandoned. There was an attempt to revive the Parish in 1811, when the church was partially repaired, and was re-dedicated; but the zeal was short-lived. In 1823 it was again repaired by Mr. Henry A. Middleton, and a few services were held; but it was soon totally abandoned. It went rapidly to ruin—becoming literally “a shelter for flocks,” inasmuch as a negro boy in charge of some sheep in the neighborhood was in the habit of driving them thither for protection against the weather, he himself dozing peacefully in the pulpit.

Finally, the forsaken church was burnt by some Vandals of the neighborhood, in order to get possession of the bricks, which they carried away and used to build chimneys. The very foundations were dug up to secure the bricks. Nothing is left but the square tower which formed the base of the “Handsome Steeple,” and which the depredators found too strongly built to be pulled down. This tower was originally crowned by an octagonal belfry, which rose from it at the height of forty feet from the ground, and in 1858

may possibly have overtaken the earliest ones. The most interesting of these tombstones is a low, heavy, marble slab nearly a foot thick, marking the resting place of James Postell, who died in 1773, "much lamented by all his friends and relations." This stone was used by the British to butcher meat on, and the marks of their axes may still be seen.

Everything pertaining to the church has vanished, except the Communion plate, which passed into the possession of St. Paul's Church, Summerville. After the Civil War, the Vestry of St. Paul's sold most of it to St. Michael's Church, Charleston, reserving only one or two pieces. The Parish Records, including the Register of births, deaths, and marriages, are hopelessly lost, having disappeared before 1820.

The "Ring of Bells" has a chequered history. The largest bell was taken down by an eccentric Master of the Dorchester Free School, and hung in the fork of a tree, so that he could ring up the boys at an early hour of the morning. Boys were boys, however, then as now, and objected equally to early rising. Either in mischief or in spite, they cut the rope and let the bell fall, cracking it so badly as to render it useless. The two other bells were given to St. Paul's Church, Radcliffeboro" (in Charleston) and were used there until the Civil War. They were then sent to Columbia, S. C. and cast into cannon, which took a part in the first battle of Manassas. The cracked bell was presented to the church at Winnsboro, S. C., was recast, and was used there until Gen. Sherman's army passed through the town in 1865. The church was burnt at that time, and after the conflagration it was found that even the metal of the bell had disappeared. For some time it was supposed that the bell had been carried off by the Union soldiers; but in 1889 someone digging near the foundation of the

church found a quantity of fused bell-metal, which was supposed, with every probability, to be the lost bell.

The Free School was established in 1724; and the Master was required to instruct the pupils, "in the principles of Christianity, as well as in Greek and Latin." It was supported largely by a liberal donation from Mr. Blake, which was invested for the benefit of the School, and was known as The Dorchester School Fund. A part of it still remains, and is applied to educational purposes in the town of Summerville. Mr. Blake of Newington, many years afterwards, charged his estate with twenty-five pounds yearly, to provide for an Annual Lecture, which was to be delivered on St. George's Day by an Episcopal minister. This, too, has long been a thing of the past.

The books of the Library were divided between the colonists who moved to Georgia and those who remained in Dorchester. For many years they were kept and cared for at a neighboring plantation, and were distributed thence. An old negro used to tell, some forty or fifty years ago, how when a boy, he was sent to bring and carry back books from the Library. Mounted on a mule, and carrying the books in a cowhide bag slung over his shoulder—the hair being turned inwards to prevent their getting scratched—he would traverse the miles that lay between his master's plantation and the Library. After the Revolution, they were divided among the subscribers.

The Independent Church founded by the original colonists was built about a mile from the town—why at such a distance, it is difficult even to conjecture. It is now known as "The Old White Church," and was originally a square brick edifice "with a four-sided pointed roof," being built on the plan of the New England Meeting-houses. It is situated in the wood, about

a hundred yards or so from the public road, and is approached on that side by a narrow, unused track.

The Old White Church, as well as St. George's, had its vicissitudes; but the congregation, notwithstanding the departure of so many of the members, held together in the main; and the Presbyterian Church in Summerville is its direct successor. Occupied by the British in 1781, the building was burnt by them on their departure; but the walls having been left standing, the interior was restored. Services were held there from 1794 to 1831, when a Presbyterian Church was built in the growing village of Summerville. After that, services were held in the Old White Church in winter, and in the Summerville church in summer—thus following the movements of the congregation, who migrated in the hot months to the healthy climate of the new pine-land village.

Occasional services continued to be held in the Old White Church until 1866, after which the building was disused, and soon went to decay. The great earthquake of 1886 shattered the walls beyond the possibility of repair; and now nothing but the fragment of a corner remains. At least one relic of the interior of the church survives, however—the sounding-board of the old pulpit, which was brought to the Parsonage in Summerville for preservation. Divided in half, it quaintly surmounts two door-ways in one of the rooms, and is a striking memento of by-gone days.

Many graves surround this church; and interments are still occasionally made there by some of the old families of Summerville.

There are few more impressive scenes than this lonely graveyard in the woods, lying around the bit of broken wall. No fence surrounds it, no tangled growth of vines runs riot over it; but many trees spread their

branches overhead, and a thick carpet of fallen leaves and brown pine-needles lies under foot. Silence reigns; and above the moss-hung boughs arches the blue sky. Never will the distant chimes float again over the forest, nor "the call to prayer" sound from these

"Fanes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand."

We can but stand among them, and

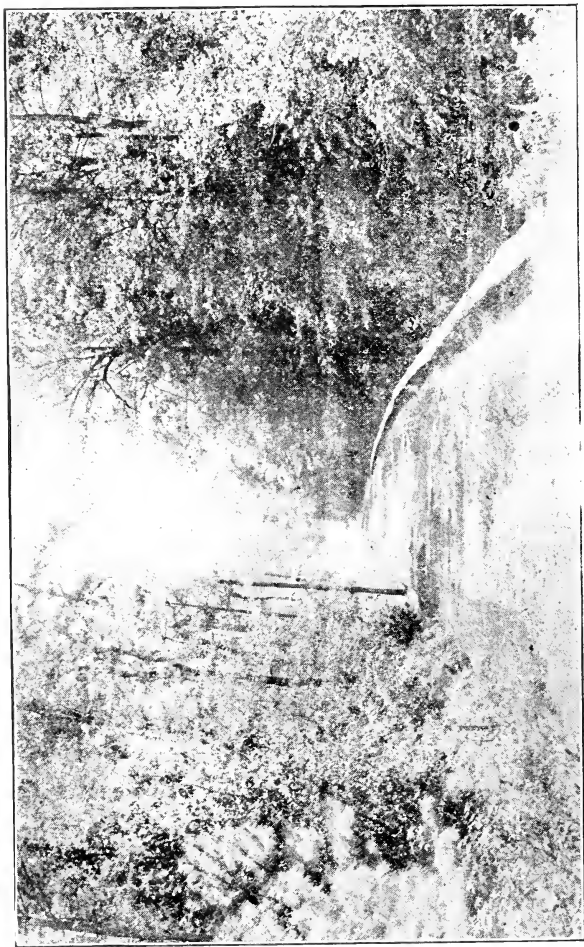
"Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God."



"MY DORCHESTER PLANTATION."

In driving along the lonely country roads which spread like a net-work over a radius of twenty-five miles around Charleston, it is difficult to realize how thickly settled these parishes once were. Thickly settled, that is, for this part of the world; for the groundwork of the country, so to speak, has always been the boundless pine forest. But back from these inland roads, and along courses of the rivers and larger creeks, our Colonial ancestors built numbers of stately mansions, dominating broad spaces of cultivated fields. Many of these were still standing fifty years ago, but even then, from the decay of fortunes and the change of crops, the hand of ruin had begun to close upon them.

It is strange how complete the ruin has been, and how few traces are left to designate these spots. Occasionally, from some deserted-looking road, we catch sight of what was once an avenue of noble trees leading to some handsome residence, but which now leads prac-



"A Typical Road of the Carolina Coast."

tically nowhere: perhaps to a few patches of tangled vegetation hiding some scattered bricks, or, drearier still, to some great blank field of cotton or of corn. Sometimes, the only hint of past occupancy is a little clump of trees in a wide field, shielding a cluster of forgotten graves.

Some of these residences stood in the midst of spacious grounds laid out at great expense. There were wide lawns and extensive shrubberies, flowering trees, shady walks, artificial mounds, and well-stocked fish ponds, the placid water adding not a little to the beauty of the landscape.

One of these lay but a few miles from Summerville, between it and the Ashley River. Few people, perhaps, except those near it, know how to find it now, or would recognize it if they did. Yet sixty years ago, an imposing, many-windowed brick mansion, standing in the midst of extensive grounds shut in by fine oaks, faced the approach from the road. It is but little that we know of this "Dorchester Plantation," but that little is invested with a certain pathos.

"ITEM, I give, devise, and bequeath unto my beloved nephew the Hon. Joseph Blake, Esq., my Dorchester plantation given me by my mother, called Mount Boone, with all the buildings and improvements thereon, unto him and his heirs and assignees forever."

Forever! There is something pathetic in the very words.

The land was originally owned by the Blake family, descendants of Admiral Blake, who after brilliant services in the Mediterranean, died as his ship was entering Plymouth sound. Cromwell deemed him worthy of interment in Westminster Abbey; but at the Restoration his remains were "pitifully removed. AND

family were justly incensed at this insult to his memory, and, turning their backs upon England, sought a home in the forests of Carolina.

Anne Blake, daughter of Col. Joseph Blake, married Mr. Joseph Boone, one of the family of Boones from whom Bishop Boone of China was descended. The young couple seem to have made their home on this gift of land, which they called Mount Boone. Here they spent their married life; and here, in 1734, Mr. Boone was buried in the family cemetery. It is probable that after her husband's death, Mrs Boone resided in the city, as her will is dated thence, and she styles herself "of Charleston." It is easy to read between the lines of the simple wording, her love for and pride in this "Dorchester Plantation." It was the gift of her mother, the home of her married life, a spot where every tree and shrub in the elaborate grounds had some dear or pleasant association connected with it, the last resting-place of her husband and of any children she may have had, and, by special desire in the will, the place of her own interment.

It is well for us when we cannot see the disposition made of our "precious things" that have passed beyond our keeping. Even after the lapse of a hundred and fifty years, one is conscious of a distinct feeling of pain and disappointment on learning that in the hands of a new owner, the beloved "Mount Boone" speedily became "Newington." It is a satisfaction, however, to know that the plantation was kept up, and that its gardens and grounds were probably enlarged and improved.

After many years it passed into the possession of Mr. Henry A. Middleton. In 1845 the house was burnt to the ground, having caught fire from a spark from one of the chimneys. Some years ago, the bricks were sold.

What now remains? So little, that a casual observer would probably pass it by. Some who penetrated there two or three years ago told that a tangled undergrowth hid the site of the house, and suggested, rather than marked, where the grounds had been.

Forever!

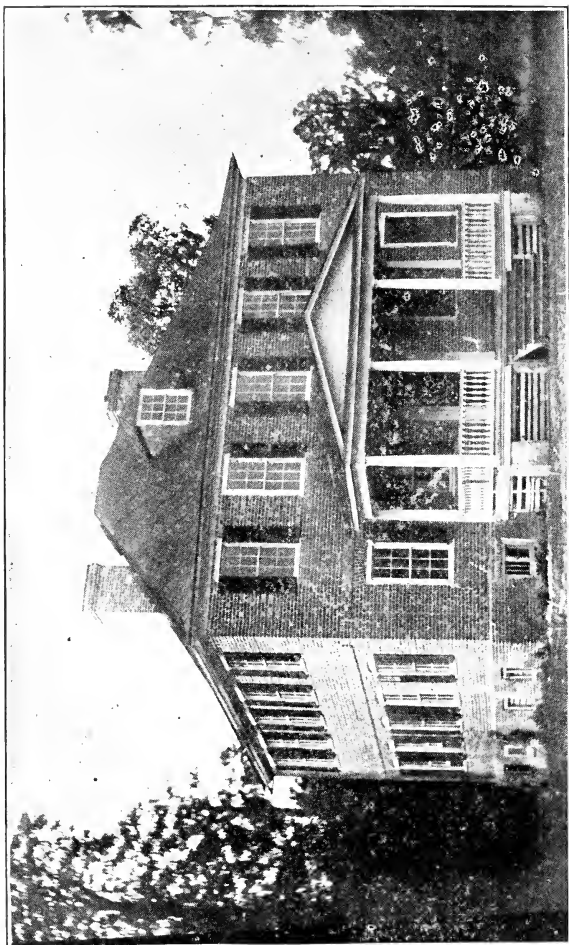


✻ INGLESIDE. ✻

Travellers by train from Summerville to Charleston may, if they look persistently out of the left-hand windows after passing the factory at Woodstock and the marl-works a little further on, catch a glimpse of the red-roofed Colonial house at Ingleside.

The house is only visible for a few moments, as the train flashes past the old rice fields, now overgrown with willows and wild myrtles. From this point, a path leads straight up to the house; and it is said that when the right of way was ceded to the railroad, the privilege of stopping the trains here, for his own personal convenience, was reserved by the owner of the plantation. The house cannot be seen from the marl-works, but the walk from there is not a long one.

Ingleside house is situated on the crest of a gentle elevation, and is a good specimen of a Colonial country house, though it does not pretend to be an imposing mansion. It is a square, hip-roofed, brick dwelling, having two stories and an attic, and is sufficiently high from the ground to admit of rooms beneath. These, however, are not exactly a basement, as the floor is some steps below the level of the ground. The walls



THE HAYES. (Ingleside.)

were badly cracked by the earthquake of 1886, and the roof was left in terrible condition by a gale, so that the general state of dilapidation, a few years ago, may more easily be imagined than described. It has been repaired, however, since that time.

Six years ago, the interior of the dwelling testified to its Colonial origin even more eloquently than the exterior. The front door opened from the porch directly into a large room, and from this a door opened into the other front room, which was a little smaller. The back rooms were separated from each other by a narrow hall, in which was the staircase with its heavy balusters. Under the stairway was a flight of steps leading down to the basement. There were four rooms on a floor, and the rooms on the first floor were connected in pairs by the "thoroughfare closets" so common in old houses. The rooms were wainscoted half way up, and had deep, low window-seats; the window sashes were broad and heavy, and the shutters were of panelled wood. The back door was unusually thick and heavy.

The view from the front windows is over a level field stretching away off to the woods; one can easily imagine it to have been a spacious lawn. Near the end of the field is a clump of trees, beneath which is the family cemetery.

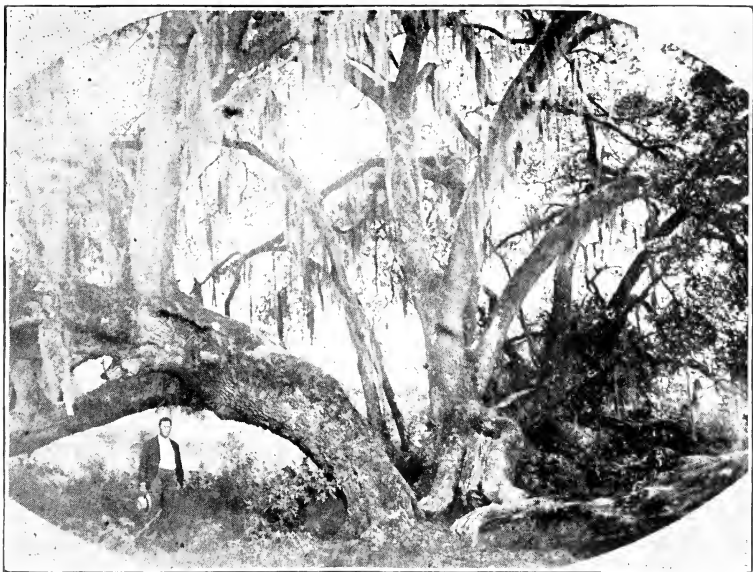
Ingleside was for many years the property of the Parker family. Its original name was Hayes, or The Hayes, and it was not until fifty or sixty years ago, when the place passed into other hands, that the name was changed to Ingleside.

At the time of the Revolution, the plantation was owned by Mr. John Parker, whose wife was a Miss Middleton. While Charleston was in the hands of the British, the country for many miles around was infested by marauding parties, sometimes of British soldiers

sent out to forage, sometimes of lawless characters who made use of the British name to protect them in their audacious robberies. It happened one day when Mrs. Parker was sitting near a window, sewing, perhaps in one of those same recessed window-seats, that a small party of these marauders came up and fired at her. The ball missed Mrs. Parker, but struck the wall, where the hole it made could be seen thirty years ago. Mr. Parker, who chanced to be at home, snatched up his gun and rushed out. The men fled, but he pursued them and killed one; he was buried where he fell, and his grave was to be seen by the road-side for many years. It was a dangerous position in which Mr. Parker had placed himself, but he did not shirk the consequences. He wrote to the British Commander at Charleston, informing him of the affair and of his having shot the offender, and received the brief, but satisfactory, reply, "I am, sir, very glad of it."

A gentle slope leads from the back of the house to the "lake" where a double row of towering cypresses makes a romantic walk on the very edge of the water. Fine old magnolias shade the western part of the lawn. The lake, used as a reservoir for irrigating the rice fields, is of some extent, but its beauty is marred by the numerous young willows and cypresses which have taken possession of the shallow spots. There is a pretty island in it, and the view must have been lovely when unobstructed.

Following the causeway along the banks of the lake, and crossing a field, we come to a veritable giant among live-oaks, known as "Marion's Oak." What its girth may have been, it is impossible to say, for the huge trunk has split into three parts. The great curved boughs rest upon the ground, and persons can easily pass under them. Bewildering masses of limbs and



✿ MARION'S OAK. ✿

branches interweave themselves far above; and from one of the sections a vigorous growth of new limbs has shot upwards, each limb as large as a fair-sized tree. It was under this oak that Gen. Marion is said to have regaled the British officer on potatoes; but as other oaks in other localities claim, or have claimed, this honor, we cannot vouch for the fact. Without doubt, however, "Marion's men" must often have rested beneath its boughs.

This story of Marion's potatoes is so generally known that an apology seems necessary for inserting it; but as it may not be known to all, we venture to repeat it.

It is related that a young British officer was once despatched to Gen. Marion on a mission of some im-

portance, and was conducted to the General's camp "under the greenwood tree." The business finished, the General invited the officer to remain and dine, an invitation which he courteously accepted. The other American officers now assembled, and the General's negro servant placed on the rough board table several large pieces of pine bark, each heaped with sweet potatoes cooked in a different way. Marion asked his guest if he would be helped to boiled, roasted, or fried; and amid general gaiety the meal went on. At the close of it, the young Englishman inquired if this was their usual fare. "Yes," replied Marion, "and we are glad to get it." The guest could not repress his admiration, and on his return told his commanding officer that he saw it was useless to attempt to conquer men who could live so cheerfully and fight so well on such meagre fare.



ST. JAMES, GOOSE CREEK.

The extremely interesting, old church of St. James, Goose Creek Parish, is about twelve miles from Summerville, and sixteen from Charleston. It was built in 1714, and is one of the oldest church buildings now standing in South Carolina.

The following is a description of it from the graphic pen of the one who has the best right to tell of it. "St. James' Church stands now (1896) almost as it did when first built in 1714. It is of brick, fifty feet long, by forty wide, rough-cast, and with a slate roof. There are thirteen arched windows, and two side doors beside the main entrance.

The keystone of each window is ornamented with a

cherub's head and wings in stucco, and the main entrance with five hearts of the same material. The robing room is very small, and is under the stairs leading to the gallery and near the entrance. There are twenty-four pews of the old square box pattern. The aisles are paved with flagstones, and a gallery is over the entrance.

The tall pulpit is reached by a winding stair, and a huge sounding-board is suspended above, this, together with the reading desk, and Communion table, all stand within the chancel rail. Back of the chancel, four Corinthian pilasters support the Royal Arms of Great Britain, made of stucco and brilliantly colored; it is said that this saved the Church from destruction by the British, during the Revolution. The arms are those of the time of Queen Anne. The walls of the chancel are painted to resemble green marble, and red curtains are represented on the upper part.

Just below the Royal Arms an open book is supported by two blue-eyed, pink-cheeked cherubs. On each side of the chancel are the marble tablets bearing the Decalogue, Apostles' Creed and Lord's Prayer, presented by William Middleton in 1758. Two quaint memorials, made of stucco and painted in bright colors, are affixed to the walls. On one are emblazoned the arms of the Gibbes family, of South Carolina, and it bears this inscription:

Underneath this lyes the late Col. John Gibbes,
Who deceased on the 7th August, 1711,
Age 40.

The other is inscribed:

Near this place
Lyes the body of Jane Gibbes,
Late wife of Mr. Benjamin Gibbes,
Who departed this life ye 19th of
August, 1717,
Age 35 years.



✧ Interior of St. James, Goose Creek, 1714. ✧

Two marble slabs are built into the walls, one to the memory of Mr. Peter Taylor (a generous benefactor of the Parish), and his wife Amarentia, and the other to Hon. Ralph Izard.

In front of the gallery hangs a hatchment, bearing the arms of Ralph Izard, and said to be one of the only two in America. According to the old English custom, this was borne in front of the coffin at the head of a family, and after the funeral, hung upon the walls of

the church.

Around the church is a cemetery wherein lie many of the old time parishioners, Coachman, Smith, Mazyck, Withers, Glover, are some of the family names to be seen."

The Parish of St. James, Goose Creek, antedates the present Church, having been formally laid off by Act of the Assembly in November, 1706. A clergyman, however, had been engaged by some members of the congregation to minister there as early as 1700; but he went back to England in 1703. His place was supplied by the Rev. Samuel Thomas, who had been sent out the year before by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. He describes his cure in 1704 as being "one of the most populous of our country parishes." A small church had already been built, by "some few of the chief inhabitants," but on one occasion at least, "the congregation was so numerous that the Church could not contain them; many stood without the door." There were then about thirty communicants.

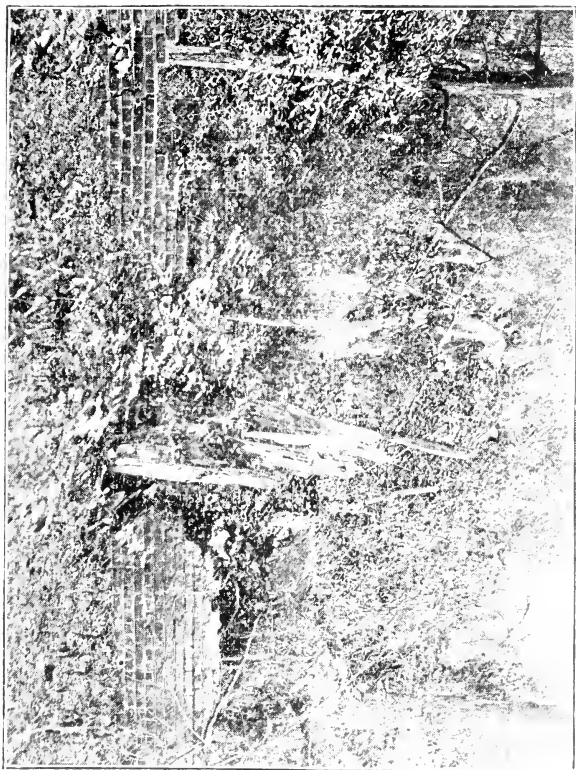
Mr. Thomas died in 1705, and the next year the Society sent out the Rev. Francis LeJau, "a native of Angers, France, and a Canon in St. Paul's Cathedral, London." He came over in October, 1706, just before the formal organization of the Parish, and found his parishioners "busy collecting materials for a Church and Parsonage." Capt. Benjamin Schenkingh gave 100 acres of land, one for a church, and the rest for a Glebe. Later on, other donations were made, sixteen acres by Benjamin Godin, for a Churchyard, and four towards the Parsonage, by Arthur Middleton. A wooden building was promptly erected, and was used until 1714, by which time it had become too small for the congregation. The present brick church was then built, and a brick Parsonage was erected in the neighborhood.

There being then no Bishop in the Province, the Church could not be consecrated; but in 1719 the Vestry passed a resolution formally setting it apart for Christian worship. At the same time they resolved "That the two lower Pews of the middle two Rows of Pews be and are for the use of the Churchwardens and the Vestrymen of this Parish and their successors, the same forever."

They also made deeds of gift to Arthur Middleton, Benjamin Schenkingh, Benjamin Godin, and several others who had also given liberally to the Church, of "one enclosed Pew or Seat, containing about five feet, six inches by seven feet of ground." to them and their heirs forever." The rest of the pews were then sold, according to custom.

A Free School was also established, a suitable instructor being sent from England in 1710, but it was closed in 1715 on account of the Indian war. It was revived later, however. The Rev. Mr. Ludlam, who died in 1728, after officiating in the Parish for several years, left all his estate, real and personal, amounting to £2,000 currency, towards building and endowing a School. This sum not being sufficient for the purpose, an additional amount was raised among the parishioners; and in 1756 a brick school house was built about half a mile from the church. The foundations may still be traced under a thick growth of trees and bushes. The remnant of this School Fund is still applied to the education of some poor child belonging to the Parish.

"In 1844" we are told "the Church had fallen into a deplorable state of ruin and the Vestry resolved to have the same restored." At this time "the walls were cracked, and had to be bound together with iron bands; the roof had spread, and it was necessary to run iron rods through the building to draw the walls back into



“This Lonely Grave-Yard in the Woods.”

position. The church was replastered inside, and the rough-casting on the outside repaired. The roof (then of shingles) was placed in order. * * * * The flooring was relaid, and the pews had to be cut down, the lower parts having rotted away. Large trees and underbrush had grown up close to the building," when cut away "the wood amounted to thirty cords."

When the repairs were completed, in 1845, the church was consecrated by Bishop Gadsden.

The Church was very seriously damaged by the earthquake of 1886; one gable fell out entirely, and the other partially; the walls were cracked; and the Royal Arms and some of the memorial tablets were broken. The Vestry again came to the rescue, and were careful to restore everything as it was before, as far as possible. "The figure of the pelican feeding her young, symbolic of the Mother Church of England, which stood over the west door," was, however, so badly broken as to be beyond repair. At this time the window-shutters and doors were sheathed with iron, leaving no woodwork exposed, and the roof was covered with slate, so as to render the building proof against the forest fires which so frequently sweep through the country.

"There are several traditions which have been handed down connected with the old church, which, whether authentic or not, add an interest to its history. It was here that the marriage of Mad Archy Campbell took place, an account of which is to be found in "Johnson's Traditions." * * * Campbell was an officer in the British army, noted for his eccentric and daring character. Living in St. James's Parish was a young lady, Miss Paulina Phelps, noted for her beauty, but a great coquette. She amused herself alike with the British or American officers. Campbell met and fell in love with her; she encouraged him, but never seriously. He

induced her one day to go horseback riding, and addressed her in such ardent and insistent terms, that she was intimidated into accepting him. They rode up to the Church, and, meeting the Minister, Campbell demanded that he should marry them at once. He replied: "I will with the consent of the young lady and her mother;" Whereupon Campbell drew his pistol, and presenting it to his head, gave him the choice of marrying him or losing his life. It is needless to say he chose the first." The marriage, however, turned out a very happy one.

During the Revolution, when Charleston was occupied by the British, the Parish was within the lines, and on one occasion the Minister proceeded to use the prayer in the Litany for the King of England. There was no response for a time, for the parishioners were almost entirely American in their sympathies; at length the silence was broken by a deep voice from the Izard pew, "Good Lord, deliver us." It is said that Mr. Izard narrowly escaped imprisonment for treason.

Another story of much the same kind is that one gentleman told the Minister if he used the prayer for the King he would throw his Prayer Book at his head. The Minister used the prayer the next Sunday, and the worthy gentleman carried out his threat. After this, the Minister refused to hold services."

NOTE—We acknowledge our indebtedness for the information contained in this sketch, to the author of the pamphlet called "ST. JAMES, GOOSE CREEK."

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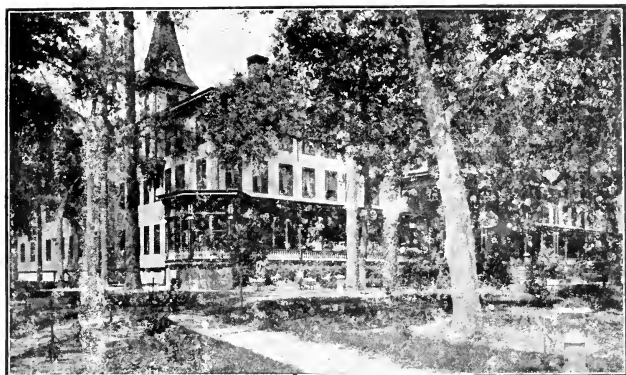
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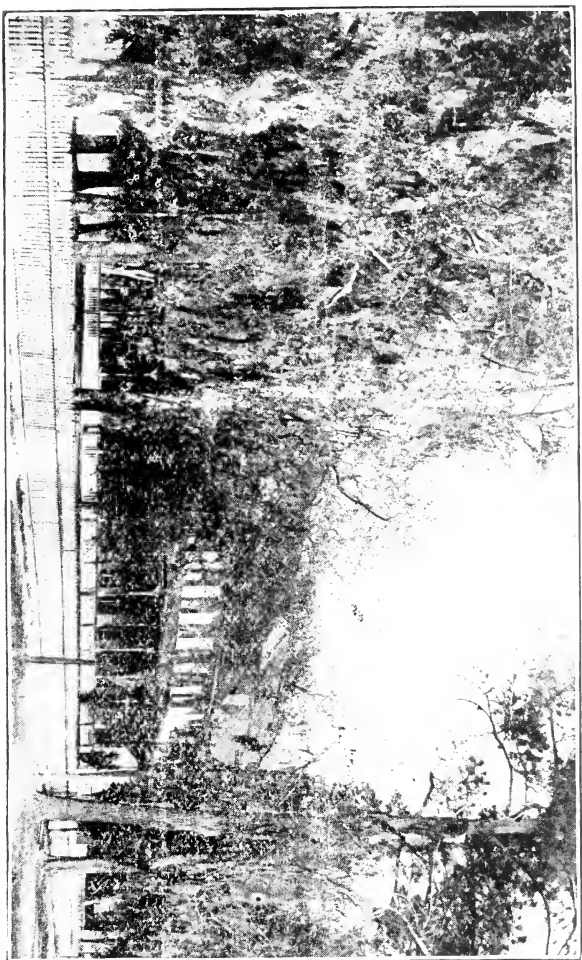
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